

# The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

Vol. CLXV. No. 2143

London  
July 22, 1942



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*Bertram Park*

Lieut.-General Dwight Eisenhower, Commanding General U.S.A. Forces in Europe

Lieut.-General Dwight Eisenhower, a fifty-one-year-old Texan, took up his duties in London as Commanding General of the United States Forces in the European Theatre of Operations last month. As Chief of Staff in the Philippines from 1935 to 1940, General Eisenhower was General MacArthur's right-hand man in organising the defences of the islands. Air-minded, he took flying lessons in the Philippines and returned to the United States with 300 flying hours to his credit. In World War One, General Eisenhower served in the Tank Corps and he is now regarded as an expert in armoured force operations. In May this year he took part in the joint talks between heads of the British Forces and Lieut.-Gen. H. H. Arnold, Chief of the American Army Air Corps, and Rear-Admiral John H. Towers, Chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Remember Tolstoy

THE news from Russia is grim, but surely no grimmer than was to be expected. Hitler is throwing his full might against the Russian army. He is determined to smash Russian military resistance. He is not as anxious to seize Russian territory. For him to advance too far into Russia without smashing the Russian armies might have serious consequences for him. So he is using every method at his command to break Russian military strength. Stalin knows this fully well and in watching the daily retreat of the Russians we must remember Tolstoy. In his *War and Peace* he describes how the Russian armies fell back before Napoleon. There is a difference, however, on this occasion. Stalin has read his Tolstoy without any doubt, and therefore has ordered an orderly retreat. The best information available at this moment confirms the view that it is an orderly retreat. Added confirmation comes from the very fact that the Germans cannot claim any large captures of prisoners or material. We saw last autumn that the Russians can retreat and retain their morale. This proves what a faithful guide to Russian character and military thought Tolstoy still is. I have just met a man who has been to Russia, seen Stalin, watched the Russian air force, and been as near to the front line as anybody. His words were: "It does look grim, but I have great faith in these Russians." This from a young Conservative.

## Testing Time

THERE is no doubt that Russia is passing through her gravest hours. The full force of the offensive threatened by Hitler is falling fiercely on every man, woman and child in Russia. All are deeply affected and are likely to suffer more for the food situation is bound

to become more and more acute. So much fertile territory has been lost and I believe that we shall hear terrible stories of Russian starving. Even this will not break their spirit if those who have been in Russia are to be believed. At any moment Hitler will switch his big attack on Moscow itself. He wants a quick psychological victory, and no doubt he believes Moscow's fall would be a great political prize. Again let us remember Tolstoy. Moscow received Napoleon amid flames. The Russian armies fell far back only to advance at great speed after the retreating Napoleon. His retreat was as disorderly from Moscow as had been the falling back of the Russians. It would be wrong to assert that history can be so faithfully repeated. I don't believe it can. But I don't believe the Russians are beaten, or that Hitler can beat them without exhausting himself. I accept the view of an experienced commentator who says that as long as the Russian armies remain unbroken, so long must German hopes of victory remain a distant mirage.

## Allied Action?

FROM Russia the appeal for a second front is repeated with increasing intensity, which has found an echo both here and in the United States. Obviously the Russian situation is under close daily consideration in Downing Street and Washington. The course of events will take none of the military experts by surprise, for everything must have been taken into account when Mr. Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt had their latest conference. Therefore a revival of second front emotion such as we experienced some months back is futile and unnecessary. We must wait and see, and rely on the judgment of those who have the responsibility to act at the fit and proper time. Political agitation can do



## Vive la France!

The Cross of Liberation, Fighting France's highest award, was presented during the July Fourteenth celebrations in London by General de Gaulle to Lieut. Laurent, for gallantry aboard the submarine Rubis

nothing to help now, any more than it did before. Hitler has got but a short time to achieve his aims. In other words he will either succeed or fail in the next eight weeks. He may get Moscow. Leningrad may fall. But if Stalin's strategy preserves the Russian armies intact, Hitler's victory will merely be propaganda fodder.

## Desert Battle

AT any moment, if it has not happened by the time these words appear, the next vital round between Rommel and Auchinleck will have started. Both generals have been massing their supplies. Both have no doubt been wondering who would be able to strike first. Fortunately large supplies were on the way to General Auchinleck, and although Rommel's supply route from home is not so long, there is every reason to believe that Hitler will cut him short in order to seize every advantage from the Russian retreat. General Auchinleck has shown by his push at Tel el Eisa that he still was keeping the initiative. We have got air superiority and the Navy's shelling of Tobruk must have upset Rommel's men. With both sides thus poised there's bound to be a grand battle. Faith in General Auchinleck has grown to great confidence among the high ups in Whitehall. To smash Rommel at this stage would have comparatively little immediate effect on the Russian campaign. But it would end the threat to Suez—the jugular vein of our Empire—and rouse Britain's imperial military spirit to the tempo of victory. It would be a fine send-off to the next stage in the war against Hitler, which we must sooner or later fight out on the Continent. Monster air raids are invaluable, but they are not sufficient. We must strike at Hitler's heart if we are to break his hold on the enslaved people of Europe; if we are to smash his dreams of world conquest, which are by no means dead yet.

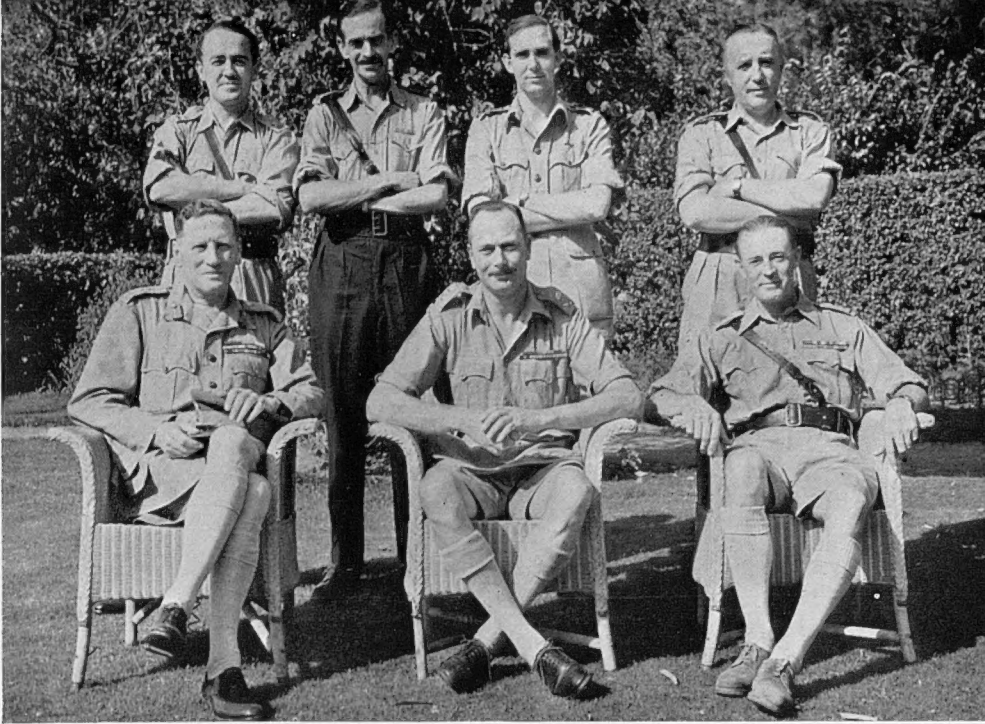
## A Joke with George Robey's Son

The King, when visiting Home Guard units in the South-Eastern Command, talked to Lance-Corporal E. G. Robey, son of the famous comedian, who was in charge of a musketry section. His Majesty inquired whether L.-Cpl. Robey was following in his father's footsteps

## The King Visits the Home Guard in South-Eastern Command







### *The Duke of Gloucester in the Middle East*

*Before going to India the Duke of Gloucester made an extensive tour of the Middle East, where he went on the invitation of General Auchinleck. He inspected the Middle East Forces, amongst them a Senussi Battalion and Indian Reinforcement units. Here are General Auchinleck, C-in-C. Middle East, the Duke, and Lieut.-Gen. Stone, G.O.C. British troops in Egypt*

### *More Changes*

ONCE again there is talk of changes in the Government which may affect not only the personnel but the size of the War Cabinet. Lord Beaverbrook has been offered a post. Those near to him say that he does not wish to rejoin the Government. He might prefer to go to Washington as the British Ambassador. In the circumstances, however, it seems more than likely that he will accept Mr. Churchill's offer of a high post at home. They have resumed close personal contact and Mr. Churchill is anxious to have the benefit of Lord Beaverbrook's dynamic mind and restless energy. Although rumours persist that Lord Halifax will not return to Washington as Ambassador, these are not likely to prove true. Mr. Churchill himself is not anxious to make any changes now that Anglo-American co-operation is reaching such a high pitch of efficiency. Of course, things can change quickly in politics.

### *Production Progress*

WHILE Lord Halifax has been talking of the progress of American war production, the House of Commons has been debating production problems at home. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton gave a heartening account of our progress. He demonstrated his personal determination to do everything possible to satisfy the House. This is by no means an easy task, for members are taking a close interest in every aspect of production detail. This makes it very difficult for a Minister to satisfy everybody. Mr. Lyttelton's speech was successful in matter, form and delivery compared with his efforts in the big war debate. He is still, however, more the managing director of a business concern than a parliamentarian. I doubt whether he will ever change. This raises the question of House of Commons prestige. The Prime Minister would never have brought business men into the Government if there had been members competent to administer big business departments. So the House of Commons cannot grumble if they have to debate with business men who are not parliamentarians. They must fit themselves for the heavy responsibilities of administration.

### *Gandhi's Threat*

THE situation in India becomes clearer. Gandhi threatens revolt if Britain does not withdraw from India. He has come out in the open after weeks of manœuvring. The British Government have been closely watching his tactics. They have not failed to make the necessary plans. Gandhi goes further than the Congress Committee. They amended the resolution drafted by Mr. Gandhi. The Congress Committee declares that they do not wish to take any hasty step which might embarrass the United Nations. But if British rule is not withdrawn they go on to say that they will be compelled to launch a new civil disobedience campaign. Clearly the British Government cannot be controlled in its actions by a single party in India. Sir Stafford Cripps did his utmost to bring peace and a measure of political independence to India by personal



*Captain J. A. Cochrane, D.S.O., M.C., was accompanied by his mother when he went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive his decoration*

persuasion. He failed, but this does not mean that an opportunity will not be presented for another effort. But not under Congress Party duress.

### *Fighting France*

GENERAL DE GAULLE has acted wisely and timely by announcing, on July 14, a new name for the Free French movement. It becomes known as Fighting France. The British Government have agreed to this change after consultation with the French National Committee. General de Gaulle and his fighters believe that the new name is more fitting, for it links those Frenchmen who are fighting abroad to those who are resisting at home. The title is distinctive. Recently numerous free movements have sprung up here and in the United States. In no case have they commanded the strength of General de Gaulle's movement. It is largely made up of fighting men who fought alongside British soldiers in France, and who are now playing their full part to win the freedom of France. Hitler and Laval know the strength of General de Gaulle's appeal to his countrymen. On the 153rd anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, all parades and demonstrations were forbidden in Paris. So was the flying of the French tricolour. This caused General de Gaulle to declare: "Your flags stand for pride, your processions for hope, and the Marseillaise for fury"

### *Burmese Resistance*

BACK in London for a short visit Sir Reginald Dorman Smith, Governor of Burma, has some heartening words to say about the Burmese. Although the Japanese worked hard to forge a strong fifth column, they did not succeed in winning over the Burmese. Almost all the members of the Burmese Government remain loyal to the British Government, and although there may be defections in the future, they must be regarded as acting expediently and not disloyally. Sir Reginald has reported that the scorched earth policy was never fulfilled anywhere as thoroughly as in Burma. Nothing was left standing in any part of the country which would be of help to the enemy. Some of the oil wells which were destroyed will not be workable for years, some never. Sir Reginald will shortly be returning to India to resume his contacts with Burmese Ministers and to continue organising arrangements for the time when the Japanese are driven out of Burma.



### *Two More of Those Whose "Courage Leads the Way"*

Commander Robert Ryder, R.N., seen here with his wife and mother, received the V.C. for great bravery in conducting his motor-gunboat through an intense barrage of close-range fire during the raid on St. Nazaire in March. He last went to the Palace for the first war investiture, when he received the Polar Medal for work in the Antarctic



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

## A Masterpiece

By James Agate



### Do You Remember This?

Charlie, desperate in his hunger, makes a meal out of one of his boots stewed in snow water and served with bootlace spaghetti. It is one of the best-remembered scenes of "The Gold Rush," generally voted the best film of 1925, and now revived at the London Pavilion

SOME three hundred years from now the Allardyce Nicollses of the period will be debating furiously among themselves which film critic it was who first called attention to the pathos of Charlie Chaplin. Who was it that first placed the little man with Robson and Welch in the class of tragic buffoons? But why should we not save the Allardyce Nicollses the trouble by settling the matter here and now? First we must go back to the beginnings of film criticism as distinct from the wretched stuff known as film gossip, and ascertain the date of that sensational innovation. There had been odd articles about notable film actors like John Bunny by such writers as John Palmer and Filson Young. And I remember that James Bone was very fond of making excursions into what he called Flicker Alley. But I believe that the first critic to take the films seriously was the lady who today furnishes the *Observer* with its most brilliant column. I mean, of course, Miss Lejeune. Equally of course the paper to foster the new art was the *Manchester Guardian*. It would be interesting if I could persuade my colleague to tell us when she first discovered the "inherent pathos" of the Chaplin film.

I BASE my modest claim to be, if not the first, then one of the earliest discoverers of Charlie's pathos in an article I wrote in the *Saturday Review* for October 1, 1921, headed "Hey, but he's Doleful!" "I swear that there is, for me, more emotion in a single tear of *The Kid* than in all the bucketfuls of *Vesti la giubba*." About the performance of *Shoulder Arms* I wrote:

Forlornly this desolate soldier nibbles the cheese out of the mouse-trap because, of all the company, he alone has received no parcel from home. Jealously he reads over the shoulders of his companions the letters which he alone has been denied. His interest in their contents is personal, and the poignancy of that wry smile and the child-like eyes welling with a child's disappointment is such as any articulate comedian, with all his mumblings and mouthings, could hardly achieve.

And I end the essay by saying:

He belongs to humanity and will one day belong to the ages. Today he is one of us. His queer sorrows, his queerer scrapes might well be ours. To meet his woes he arms his wistful soul, even as we do. He is too small for big battles; the *toga virilis* sits not well upon him. Indeed, it is not assumed. For when, at the end of the play, the Kid is received into sheltering arms, and Charlie is received too, we know which stands in the greater need of succour. *The Kid* is the best film Chaplin has made, and it looks as though he may be on the point of realising which way his finer genius lies. . . .

"That's a good bid, Eugene!" said Mr. Shaw's Candida. Pending correction I pat myself on the back and say: "That's a good bid, James!"

FOUR years later Chaplin gave the world *The Gold Rush*. I confess that only a strict sense of duty to THE TATLER and its readers made me see the present revival. Locksley Hall, Yarrow, Alaska—it is always a mistake to revisit the glimpses of the moon. The film as one remembered it had been silently perfect; why add the unnecessary word? As for the music which

had been canned with the new version, do the dumb folk of today imagine there was no music to the old film? But of course there was music, and very good music too, played by a flesh-and-blood orchestra of some thirty or forty performers.

However, I overcame scruple and visited the London Pavilion. I have pleasure in testifying that the commentary spoken by Chaplin himself is infinitely discreet, and the tinned music charming. The film itself? Let me be quite honest and confess that I found it necessary to look at it in perspective much as one looks at some outmoded comedy by, say de Musset. Much of it is still uproariously funny, and I am inclined to think that the incident of the hut see-sawing on the edge of the precipice puts to bed everything that has been since devised by the Pudovkins, Eisensteins, Lubitsches and Orson Welleses. And I recognise that all the old pathos is there. Now I cannot speak for people to whom the film is new, but I am persuaded that to the old fogies the charm of the revival is principally nostalgic.

It must be. Old emotions are brought back by the mere fact that everybody in the film moves a trifle too quickly; in those days the camera was not fast enough to reflect real motion. But of one thing I am quite certain, and this is that the frowstiness of the Alaskan dance hall, the commonness of the women, and the frumpiness of their clothes is infinitely truer to the real thing than the palatial saloons in which Marlene, pretending to be a mine's doxy, trails the latest creations of Molyneux and Paquin.

IT is easy to understand why Mrs. Miniver (Empire) has swept America and why it will sweep this country too. It presents the English as the Americans believe us to be, and as we like to think we are. The action is equally divided between Dunkirk and that Flower Show in which it is customary for Lady Beldon to carry off the Cup. The Flower Show is rated slightly above the other thing. The scene is one of those English villages half of whose inhabitants write for *Punch*, while the other half subscribe to that grim weekly. The dialogue is like E.M. Delafield without the wit, and the whole is a credible representation of an English village say ten years before the last war, not this one. The village is bombed, but we are not concerned with what happens to the common people, our tears being reserved for the aristocracy. There is one good cinematographic sequence showing the rescue boats at Dunkirk adding to themselves rather in the manner of the augmenting orchestration of Ravel's "Bolero." As Mrs. Miniver, Greer Garson is very nice, and as Clem Miniver, Walter Pidgion who is also very nice, has nothing to do except try not to look too much like Godfrey Tearle. As the young girl Teresa Wright is naive too. The best acting comes from Richard Ney as Vin, provided always that the Minivers have given birth to an American shop boy. All of which does not prevent Dame May Whitty from tucking the whole thing under her arm and trotting off with it.

In spite of the foregoing it is my duty to certify that in my vicinity two medical students, three naval officers and a sergeant in the R.A.F. sobbed loudly and continuously throughout.



# Freedom and Oppression



The "green-eyed woman" and her business partner (Rosalind Russell, Robert Benchley)



Constance Moore, Fred MacMurray, Rosalind Russell, Macdonald Carey

*"Green-eyed Woman" is a Comedy of American Business Life*

**Green-eyed Woman**, directed by Mitchell Leisen is at the Plaza. The name, A. M. MacGregor, part-owner of a successful advertising agency, hides the identity of a beautiful feminine executive (Rosalind Russell). MacGregor hires a male secretary, Tom Verney (Fred MacMurray) to pay attention to the suspicious wives of her clients. Complications arise when MacGregor, after stipulating that there are to be no romantic ideas, falls in love with her secretary. Jealous of Tom's success with one of her important clients, MacGregor announces her engagement to Jonathan Caldwell (MacDonald Carey) a tobacco magnate. The engagement is not a success and, finally, having found themselves indispensable to each other, Tom and MacGregor run away

*"A Yank 'In Dutch'" is a Film of Occupied Holland*



Chris Reynolds tries to warn London by secret radio of Nazi plans

**A Yank "In Dutch,"** directed by Richard Wallace is at the Regal. It tells the story of Chris Reynolds (Franchot Tone), an American with the R.A.F., shot down in occupied Holland, and of his adventures in the home of the Woverman family. He poses as the mad husband of Anita Woverman (Joan Bennett) to the dismay of Major Zellfritz (Allyn Joslyn), the Nazi officer quartered with the Wovermans. With Anita's help, Chris discovers that Nazi submarines are collecting for a mass attack on Allied shipping. His plans to warn London miscarry; he is arrested by the Gestapo. Finally, in the confusion which follows the sounding of the city's air raid alarm, Chris escapes and with Anita flees to England in a German plane

Left above: The Nazi occupiers do themselves well. Below: American R.A.F. pilot, Chris Reynolds (Franchot Tone) poses as the mad husband of a lovely Dutch girl (Joan Bennett)



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Macbeth (Piccadilly)

**D**RAMATIC criticism is not what it was. It is kinder, if not more competent. Gone are the days when the physical defects of players, and shortcomings in their art, were equally vulnerable to the critic's shafts. Much that the older masters wrote of the actors in their day, though possibly deserved, might be libellous in ours. Yet their compliments could dazzle.

When Hazlitt, for instance, said of Mrs. Siddons that "she hushed the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectancy, and quenched the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears"; and of tall Mr. Conway, whom "the genius of a maypole had inspired with human form," that "his acting was a nuisance to the stage," and "a disgrace to the national character," he was blowing characteristically hot and cold.

What actor today would tolerate such obloquy; what actress merit such praise? The question is rhetorical: the answer might be invidious. Yet, if the plaudits that greeted Mr. Gielgud during his season at the Old Vic had been articulate, Hazlitt's highest eulogies would probably have been over-topped. And, indeed, Mr. Gielgud's early Hamlet, Hotspur, and Lear stand out, memorably clear. Recalling them, it is difficult not to seek reasons for such disappointment as we felt with his Macbeth now at the Piccadilly.

*Macbeth* is no light-weight. Its deeps and exaltations may not be plumbed, *ad lib.*, with the ease of Master Proteus sparring in revue. It demands both soul and body. And feeling that Mr. Gielgud's first-night performance was less than conquering, one sought explanation in the double burden he had borne—as director of the play and its chief player—through many and doubtless arduous weeks of wartime touring in the provinces.

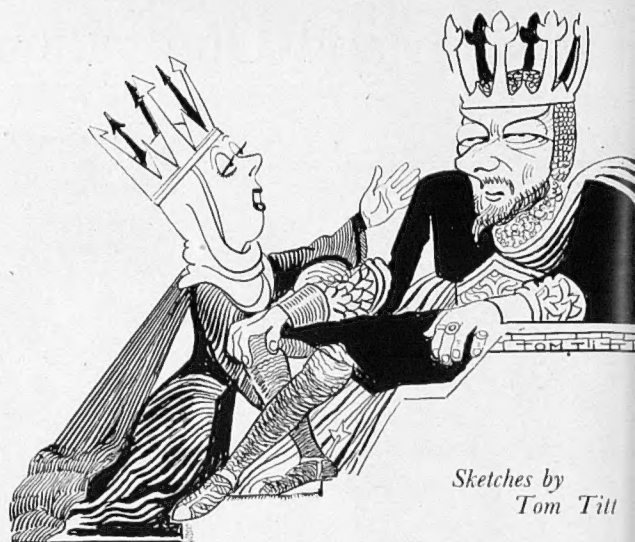
Explanation enough. Yet, even so, in volume of voice and subtlety of elucidation, this Macbeth might not be faulted. What it lacked, one felt, was that swift fire which, flashing across the footlights in the Waterloo Road, awoke those responsive thunders from the Old Vic gods.

*Macbeth* has moments of such poetic felicity, apostrophes so noble, valediction so poignant, that none but Shakespeare himself could parallel them. Where he lights the way to

dusty death, others grope and thrust. For the rendering of these lovely overtones, Mr. Gielgud's voice and sensibilities are still perfect instruments. *Macbeth* also has whirlwinds; and it was in his first-night riding of them that one felt a sense of strain. He seemed then to be calling on alien resources, and calling, for once, in vain.

**MISS FRANGCON-DAVIES'S** Lady Macbeth was differently disappointing. One felt no lack of art: this clever actress is never wanting there. But one was aware of a limited compass, and of cadences too melliflously sustained. She does not assume high-tragic grandeur, which may be not only outside her intention but beyond her range. The structure of her performance is correct and its taste faultless; yet it seems, so to speak, Victorian-gothic rather than Elizabethan-renaissance, and she the chatelaine of a Moated Grange rather than the awful consort of Dunsinane.

To one's irreverence this troubled queen suggested a second wife filling, so far as skill and devotion might, the place of a legendary first; cossetting where "Rebecca" had commanded, walking in her sleep where the other strode, and washing with correct somnambu-



Sketches by  
Tom Titt

Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and John Gielgud as  
King and Queen of Scotland after Duncan's death

listic pathos, rather than through elemental woe, those little hands that all the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten.

Mr. Leon Quartermaine has in Banquo an admittedly lighter task than that of these two desperate dynasts, but that does not lessen one's admiration for the style in which he performs it. The sterling virtues of this Banquo are, integral, his speech a delight. The benign majesty that was Duncan sits naturally on Mr. Nicholas Hannen. This king, whose nobility of heart is manifest, is also a gentleman. Mr. Francis Lister's Macduff is eloquently heroic; and Mr. Ernest Thesiger's command of weird-sisterdom reveals in this actor's skill fresh veins of imaginative integrity. Let all whinnying witches take note, and from henceforth cut the cackle and come, as he does, clearly to the 'osses.

**I**F tolerable Shakespeare were as generally available today as tolerable Vaudeville, one would feel fewer misgivings in withholding full admiration from this carefully planned, devotedly played, and generously equipped production, the picturesque qualities of which are enhanced by the admirable decor and costumes designed by Mr. Michael Ayrton. The cauldron scenes in particular, with their grisly shadow-shows, are effectively transpontine; and Hades itself could hardly have furnished a more convincing ghost than this of Banquo, which, drawing apparent substance from the insubstantial shadows, and lit with icy fire, froze the royal blood and broke up the banquet in dismay.



Above: Ernest Thesiger, who  
leads the three weird sisters,  
scores a great personal triumph



Left: Noble Banquo, home  
from the wars, kisses the hand  
of King Duncan (Leon  
Quartermaine, Nicholas Hannen)



Right: Noblemen of Scotland,  
Macduff and Ross, with  
Malcolm, King Duncan's  
son. (Francis Lister, Abraham  
Sofaer and Emrys Jones)



# "Lifeline": a Worthy Tribute to Our Gallant Merchant Navy



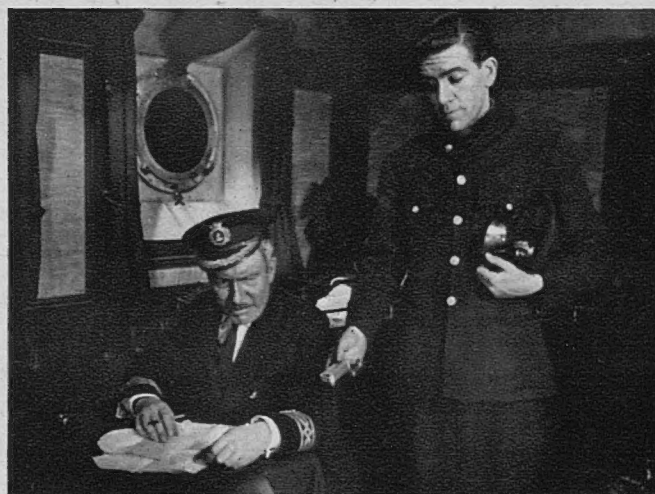
"Please, Mister, are you the pot swiller?" (Alan Wren, Arthur Sinclair)



"What the devil hae ye got there?" (Frank Pettingell, Wilfrid Lawson)

*Lifeline*, produced at the Duchess Theatre by Ordinary Seaman Michael Redgrave, brings into the limelight the heroic work of the men of the Merchant Navy and reminds us forcibly of how much we owe, every day and all day, to such men as these. The author's name, Norman Armstrong, hides the identity of two young people, Norman Lee, who is a film director, and Barbara Toye, a scenario writer. It is the story of the voyage of a tramp steamer carrying a cargo of petrol from Canada to England. The s.s. "Clydesdale," in whose saloon the whole action of the play takes place, is forced by engine trouble to fall out of convoy. She sinks a U-boat which attacks her, but is less successful when enemy bombers dive down in force. Fire breaks out, and the wounded captain is forced to give the order "Abandon ship!" Three days later, the ship, still burning, is boarded by a nucleus of the crew who got away in the boats. The captain dies of wounds and exhaustion; the first officer takes charge, and seventeen days later brings the s.s. "Clydesdale" safely into port. Only half the crew reach England safely. The others, ruthlessly machine-gunned by the Nazis, die of wounds and exposure in open boats. They died that Britain might not be short of petrol. It is a sobering thought for those who seek to get even one gallon more than their essential allowance.

Photographs by Swarbrick Studios



"Did ye go on the booze last night, Mister Mate?" (Wilfrid Lawson, Robert Beatty)



"Okay, shaver, that's a date: you and me'll go and see the King." All aboard celebrate victory over the U-boat



"Tell him we saved seven thousand tons of juice . . . tell him about the crew" (Guy Verney, Terence de Marney)



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



*Mother and Son* Marcus Adams

Mrs. George FitzGerald, seen here with her son, Adrian, is the wife of Captain George FitzGerald, Irish Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, and nephew of the twenty-first Knight of Kerry. She was formerly Miss Angela Mitchell



*The Hon. Mrs. T. E. D. Kidd* Lenore

Lord Beaverbrook's only daughter was married on July 11th to Captain T. E. D. Kidd, elder son of Hon. Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Kidd, of Kingston, Ontario, at Henfield, Sussex. She was the widow of the Hon. Drogo Montagu, who was killed in 1940



*At a Presentation and an Inspection*

Lady Londonderry accepted a mobile canteen, the gift of Mr. José Gamba, presented by Dr. Miguel Carcano, the Argentine Ambassador, to the Women's Legion, of which she is president and founder. Above she is seen with the Ambassador

### *The Queen's Interest in Women's Services*

FEW of the girls in the Women's Services fully understand how much they owe to the practical interest taken by the Queen in their welfare. Her Majesty never makes unfavourable comment in public on anything she may see. But that does not necessarily mean that she approves of everything. Quite frequently, the chief executive officers of one or other Service are summoned to Buckingham Palace for a private, informal chat with the Queen about some point she has heard raised, or some idea of her own for added comfort and efficiency. These interviews are not mentioned in the *Court Circular*, and probably very few of the Wrens, Aps, or Waafs who eventually benefit, have any idea of the royal origin of many of the improvements which are constantly being made in welfare arrangements.

The Queen, who was born in 1900, comes within the age group which registered for war service recently. Her Majesty did not register, not because of any royal prejudice against visiting the Labour Exchange—far from it—but because of the ranks she holds in the Women's Services. She is Commandant-in-Chief of the Wrens, the Aps and the Waafs, and though she has never appeared in the uniform of any of them, she takes a constant and close interest in the development of each.

### *New G.O.C. London Command*

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ARTHUR SMITH has been appointed G.O.C. the London Command. It is a popular appointment, for the General, a Coldstreamer, is no stranger to military or social circles in London. He served for some time on the London District Staff a few years ago, when military affairs in the capital consisted mostly of such pleasant duties as Trooping the Colour on the King's birthday, and the Tournament at Olympia, rather than the grimly serious exercises and defence preparations of to-day. Tall, fair-haired, with a close "Guardee" moustache, Sir Arthur (he was knighted this year) has the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian. He is, however, extremely popular

with all ranks because of the vigour with which he looks after the interest, welfare and comfort of the private soldier. He recently completed a year's service as Chief of Staff in the Middle East.

### *Day Off at the Races*

MANY of the racegoers at Salisbury were having a day off from the more strenuous duties of hospital and factory work. Lady Milton, who works in a factory, was there with her husband; so was Mrs. Myles Thompson, another factory worker. Her husband used to train in the West Country, but is now back in the Army. Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clark, wearing an attractive sage-green suit and hat, told me she was having a day off from the hospital, where she now works full time, as her husband is overseas with his regiment. It seems impossible to believe she has a boy and girl of school age—she looks so very young herself. Lord and Lady Sefton were together; they were very disappointed when two of his horses, both well fancied and favourites, were beaten. Lady Essex told me she was frightfully cold in summer clothes on such a windy day, but would not give way to wearing anything warmer, as she is hardening herself for next winter, when we shall all have to economise on warmth. Lady Petre was with her great friend, Mrs. Rupert Byass; the Duchess of Norfolk, Mrs. Ririd Myddelton (whose husband commands a battalion of the Coldstream Guards) and Mrs. Robin Wilson were in the paddock. Other regulars were Lady Stavordale, answering inquiries about her husband; Mr. Teddy Lambton, with Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn; Mrs. "Ginger" Dennistown, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings (whose second daughter, Joan, has just announced her engagement to Lance-Corporal Frank Bartlett, K.R.R.C.); Mr. and Mrs. George Beeby, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Mr. Ralph Cobbold, Miss Monica Sherriffe, Mr. Cosmo Crawley and Major Arthur Smith Bingham.

### *Entertainment for Troops*

BOREDOM has always been an acknowledged horror of war—the restless boredom of men training and waiting, crowded in areas with inadequate facilities for relaxation. With their mobile cinema, Mrs. Cripps and Lady Queensberry have been, and are doing, valuable work, touring a large area with the best new films, which are shown full-size. They are quite on their own, doing the whole work of setting up and taking down the apparatus, showing the films, and driving every day to a new place. This much-needed enterprise is entirely supported by voluntary contributions and privately arranged entertainments in its aid.

One of these entertainments was the Saturday night dance got up by Lady Andrew Cavendish and Mrs. Gore, for which tickets could only be bought by those invited, nearly all of whom were the young generation, strenuously serving, with little respite, at an age when their elders were strenuously enjoying themselves. The dance was a great success, and among the young soldiers and hard-working girls were the Duke of Rutland, his brother, Lord John Manners, Lord Rosslyn, Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, Mr. Michael Astor, Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Thesiger, the Messrs. Mark and Christopher Howard, Miss Ann Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy, who were married that afternoon (she was Miss Jennifer Fry) and Lady Tichborne.

Lord and Lady Queensberry and Mrs. Cripps were there themselves, and there was an excellent cabaret arranged by Elizabeth Welch, Lou "Sticks" Freeman, and Ike Hatch. Representatives of the stage included Miss Hermione

(Continued on page 106)



Lady Maud Baillie, Senior Commandant of the A.T.S., and Lieut.-Colonel Lord Edward Hay were both present at an inspection of the forty smartest A.T.S. girls by Mrs. Jean Knox, their Chief Controller



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The Harrow Team Going Out to Field. Six of the Team are Old Colours

C. H. B. Pease and M. E. A. Keeling opened the innings for Eton. The first over provided them with 15 runs, including two boundary byes. With the score at 30, Keeling was stumped by Fosh off Stuart. (This was the only Eton wicket to fall.) Pease, who is Lord Wardington's son, and heir, made 43 not out

## Eton Does the Hat Trick

### Harrow Beaten Again

This year, the Eton and Harrow match was played on the Sixth Form ground at Harrow. Eton's win by nine wickets, their third successive victory in the wartime series of one-day matches, was a fitting finale to a brilliant season through which the team have passed without defeat, their victims including Marlborough, Radley, Winchester, Oxford University Authentics, and Cambridge Crusaders. T. H. Marshall, the Eton slow spin bowler, returned one of the best analyses in the whole Eton and Harrow series—7 for 24. O. M. A. Mayes, the wicket-keeper, did not concede a bye. Harrow won the toss and elected to bat. The wicket was tricky, and they were all out in two and a quarter hours for 79 runs. The match (which was all over by soon after 3 o'clock) was watched by a large crowd, and for their benefit, play was continued after a short interval



Mrs. Moore, wife of the newly appointed Headmaster of Harrow, talked over the match prospects with one of the School governors. Her husband, Mr. Ralph Westwood Moore, is on the right



Viryan Edward Naylor-Leyland, son and heir of Sir Albert Naylor-Leyland, was Eton's twelfth man. He is seen with his father, an Old Etonian, and his mother, who is a daughter of Baron de Belabre



A large crowd found the terrace the most comfortable place to view the match. Among those who found chairs are Michael Edwards, Brian Henshaw, Lady de Clifford, Peter Bowen-Davies, and Basil Austin. Cross-kneel in front is Lord and Lady de Clifford's son, the Hon. John Russell



J. Gordon and A. J. S. Griffin photographed with Captain A. W. Griffin, an Old Harrovian, and Mrs. Gordon. Both Gordon and Griffin fell victim to the slow spin bowling of Marshall. Griffin captained the Harrow XI; he was a member of the team defeated by Eton last year on Agar's Plough



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EGYPTIAN calm during Rommel's recent threat to Alexandria was probably due in some measure to those Arabic broadcasts of the Boat Race and cricket-matches initiated by the B.B.C. a little time ago.

A chap in close touch assured us that the Arabs selected for broadcasting were Alf Turner's Dervish Daredevils from Camberwell, who used to do an acrobatic turn in the music-halls as the El Boko Troupe; but we doubt it. No real Arab would be such a sandy fool as not to detect the imposture almost at once, and as every Arab was hungry for Boat Race news there'd have been the devil to pay round the oases. Even the Island Race was not taken in much by Alf Turner's dervishes. Immediately it saw those black faces the Race guessed they were French.

The Alexandrians themselves learned from these broadcasts to be decent and calm, nay, frigid. They are, or were, somewhat restless types, and their donnish trick long ago of sticking potty little accents on every Greek word has made them unpopular with a number of chaps ever since. To-day they may be a bit edgy because Mersa Matruh, the local Brighton, is not at the moment the ideal watering-place, and few cocktails are shaken just now for the beau monde, chiefly Greek, in the Lido Bar. What they'd like chiefly, we expect, is more cricket news.

## Pipe

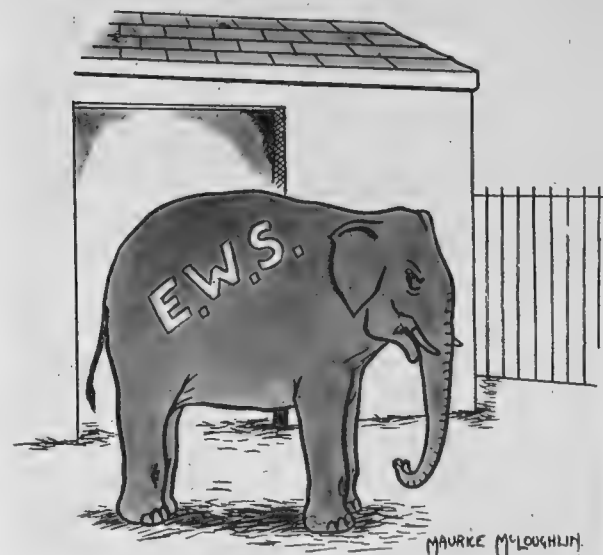
LOVERS of the bagpipe, a musical instrument common to most hill tribes, also to a band of small girls at Dagenham (Essex), will note that a long-held-up consignment of Spanish cane just arrived in a British port will enable more reeds to be manufactured, and consequently more Scottish bagpipes.

That the Scots should be dependent on the Spaniards for their national self-expression seems a sardonic jest, for no two nations in the world have so little in common, barring pride. You find Irish names aplenty in Spain, often noble ones, like O'Sullivan and O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, *flor de los caballeros de España*, and Wall, founder of the family of Merry del Val; but the Scots never settled beyond the Pyrenees to any extent, and would hardly

have sanctioned Spanish goings-on if they had. France was, their Continental stamping-ground in the old naughty days before John Knox, and they got on famously there, except that in St. Joan's time the peasantry of Touraine were apt to describe them as wine-skins, cut-throats, and sheepstealers. So it seems a bit hard that they should have to depend for bagpipe-reeds nowadays on people they strongly disapprove.

## Revenge

As for the humiliating skill of those small girls at Dagenham, a member of the Scottish Nationalist Party told us a little time ago, grinding his dentures, that Time is on Scotia's side. Those chits are already growing up, he said, into Essex women, losing their bloom, becoming haggard and



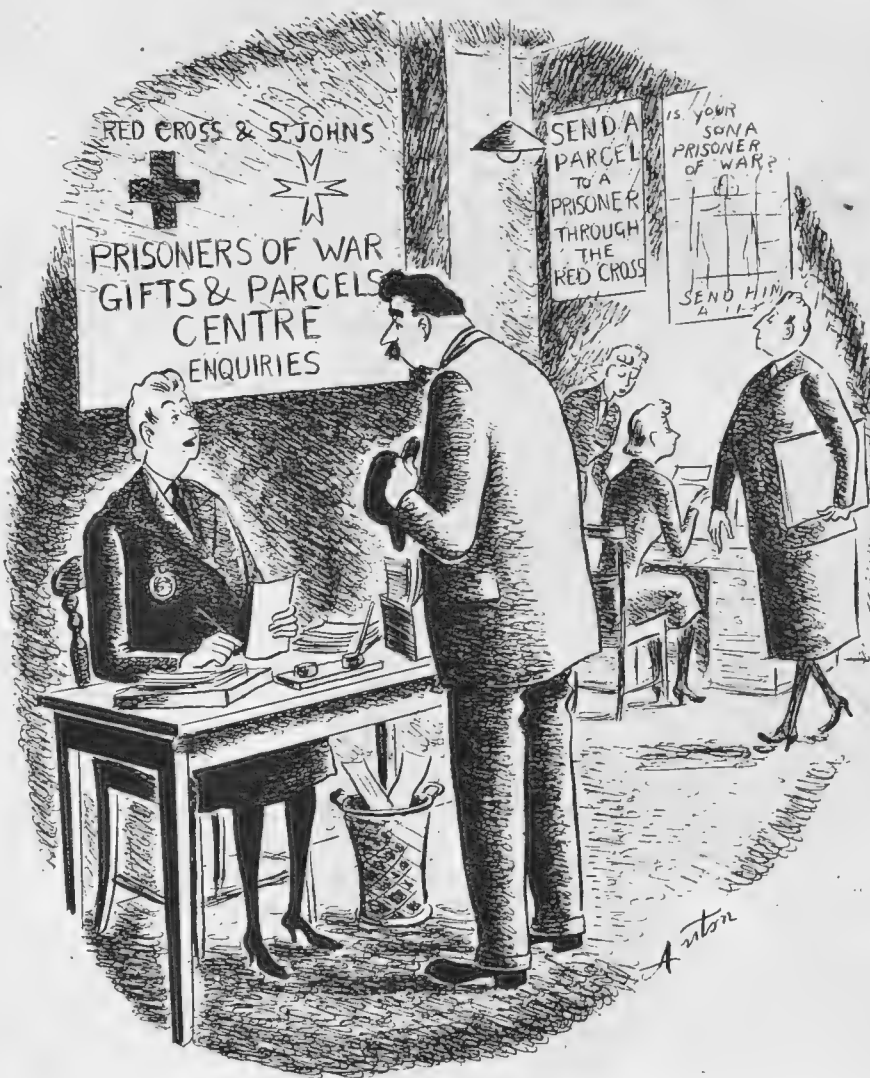
dowdy, doomed to the servitude women suffer in Essex, mere animals, mere toys, possibly beaten by their owners, too emaciated—or maybe too overfed and lethargic—to get a single squeak out of a sixpenny tin whistle. Then, he said, all that insolent and blasphemous imitation of bagpiping and kilt-swinging will have ended for good, and the furious shade of Macrimmon will no more ride the Highland gales, piping the Black Curse of Uistean More M'Gillie Phadrig.

## Fodder

INTIMATING, with that coy, mincing, sidelong, crab-like movement with which every Government Department advances to put something fresh and startling across the citizenry, that rye flour will shortly be added to our bread, the Ministry of Agriculture boys may thank whatever god they worship (Ceres, most likely) that they're not living a generation ago, when there'd have been a shindy.

An old Parliamentary hand was telling us last week with cynical relish about the great Black Bread General Election of 1910, in which dark loaves of rye bread were exhibited in shops to show what terrible stuff the unfortunate Germans, deprived of the blessings of Free Trade, had to live on; a move countered by similar exhibits showing what delicious rye bread the Germans, enjoying Protection, had to eat. The Protection boys happened to be right. The rye bread of Germany is generally toothsome (if we're not infringing Regulation 18B and qualifying for Morrison's Clink) and the Boche lives or lived on it with noisy satisfaction. It goes sweetly with cheese or smoked eel and is about a thousand times more nourishing than the chalky white stuff preferred by the Island Race.

(Concluded on page 110)



"No, Mr. Jackson—I think your son at Wormwood Scrubs comes under a different organisation"





"I began to fish," Stephen Leacock wrote in the *National Sportsman Magazine*, "as a little boy of ten, in the noisy water below a mill dam. Now, as an old man of seventy, I fish in the quiet water above. That's all the difference"

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER  
JULY 1927



"I have worked at billiards for a half-century. I'll need another"

## "Humour is My Business"

Dr. Stephen Leacock in His  
Canadian Home

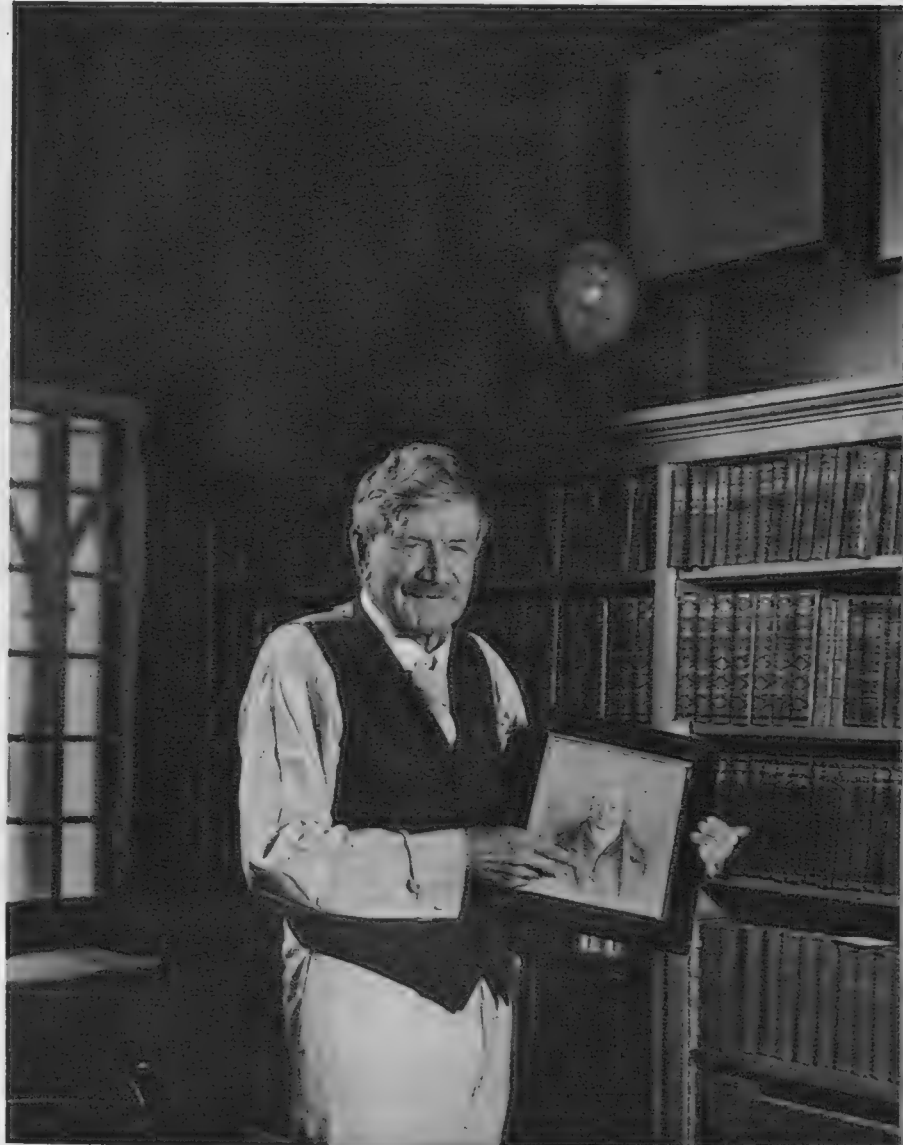
Photographs by Karsh, Ottawa



Three-year-old Nancy Nimmo is the Professor's grand-niece and goddaughter. They have a great time together in the back garden. "The front of the house is too good to use, and we have to dress up specially for it"



Stephen Leacock, Junior, who is now on the staff of McGill University, was presented with a set of forty volumes of his father's work by his father's former students when he celebrated his twenty-first birthday



"My great-grandfather, John Leacock, retired from his vineyards in Madeira with so much money that nobody worked again for three generations. The fourth generation, dead broke, started again." Stephen Leacock points affectionately to his ancestor John

Stephen Leacock, who is now in his seventy-third year, has been called the "Mark Twain of Canada." He is one of the greatest humorous writers of the century. Born at Swanmoor, in Hampshire, he was taken early in life to Canada. There he has made his home. For many years head of the Department of Political Economy at McGill University in Montreal, he has now retired to his beautiful home on the outskirts of the city, and spends most of his day writing, gardening, fishing, reading. Like Mark Twain, Stephen Leacock is as humorous in conversation as he is in his books. Some of his remarks as these photographs were taken are quoted. His *Nonsense Novels*, *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich*, and *Winsome Winnie* ensure his immortality in literature. Two of his latest works, *My Remarkable Uncle and Other Sketches*, a collection of humorous essays, and *Our Heritage of Liberty*, have just been published by John Lane, The Bodley Head



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

## Point

TALKING of fodder, the phrase "cannon-fodder" did not originate in Prussia but in the Athenæum, where bishops in the Victorian era used to shout for "one go of tea and canon-fodder," meaning the toasted muffins on which canons live. See Mrs. Gowle's monograph, *The Muffin As an Antidote To the Oxford Movement*, 1845; new and revised edition, with French drawings, 1897.

## Venture

ONE day as we were walking across the Sussex meadows with a friend we passed a solitary angler, and our friend shouted cheerfully to him "To-day is the 1150th anniversary of the Battle of Roncevalles!" and the angler said "Oh, go to hell," and that was that.

This lack of interest in matters of import (due probably to compulsory education) seems to be increasing, for the current fourth centenary of the world's greatest mystical poet, the Spaniard San Juan de la Cruz, has so far, we notice, gone unmentioned by our leading oracles and politicians. The word "mystic" repels those clear forceful thinkers, probably, because they connect it with a type of vague, woolly, absent dreamer, repulsive to the bustling modern mind. How wrong they are. The most eminent mystics in history have invariably been full of strong native common-sense and marked organising ability, apart from moral courage. There's a celebrated passage in one of the Spaniard's poems which might have been (and maybe was) written deliberately to annoy Lady Astor, in which he speaks of the Soul drinking wine in the interior rest-house or tavern of the Beloved:

En la interior bodega  
De mi Amado bebí . . .

There are times when we venture to think these things thrill you, and again times when we feel it is all quite useless, and weep and beat our head against the wall in despair

like a caged linnet. Is James ("Boss") Agate in the house? Give us a snort on the old trombone, Boss.

## Query

WHENEVER we read, as we did again last week, of an old gipsy queen who lived sixty years and died in the same caravan we think of some of the caravan-addicts we know (old Gipsy Richard Nevinson, A.R.A., for one) who before the war used to bump round trailing caravans—often with Rolls bodies, silver fittings, and diffused lighting in the lounge—and we wonder still if they really liked it.

Our old Romany blood has always drawn us personally to the wild open trail leading to the best hotels, whenever possible, but there are chaps who say they like the wind on the heath. Real gipsies look a bit cross-eyed and slantwise at these amateurs, we happen to know, and are apt to curse them with those paterans or message-twigs at the crossroads, as the gipsy remarks pensively in the song:

Where my caravan has rested,  
Flowers I leave you on the grass,  
If you guess their dainty message  
You will look an awful ass.

A far better way of enjoying hellish discomfort is to go to sea, where the compensations are magnificent and the perils enthralling, such as running too close inshore before a S.W. gale or getting becalmed in the middle of the fairway at Cowes, with the rich and mighty going crazy all round you. The caravan boys never see the rich in a real passion; a terrific experience. You should get them grouped against a flaming Turneresque sunset for the best effect.

## Mirage

AMONG the many things that need looking into after this war, in our unfortunate opinion, is that celebrated airy crack of Thos. Jefferson's in the Declaration of



"Well, if future generations will have to pay for the war, why tax us?"

Independence, a favourite peroration with all American orators and now seeping almost daily into our own big boys' speeches also. We mean the one about the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Had Jefferson ever seen a pre-war Bank Holiday evening crowd at Brighton he would have realised that pursuing happiness (which mankind has been doing, they tell us, somewhat unsuccessfully for the last few thousand years) simply makes the Island Race glum, morose, dumb, dispirited, bad-tempered, and full of what that acute observer Arnold Bennett called "the weary egotistic melancholy that spreads like an infection at the close of a fête day in London . . . grave with the universal affliction of life, grim with the relentless universal egotism." And quite naturally; nothing being more exhausting than rushing after the Unattainable, even if you don't wear a bowler hat. Rarely, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight, as Shelley said to the coalman.

Our feeling is that it would tire chaps far less if Jefferson's crack were amended to: "Life, liberty, and the right to sit, or lie in a comfortable prone position, until happiness comes to them." This would enable those of the Race who are relatively alive to rest their poor old hot dogs a piece, and would also solve the London traffic-problem. Another healing soul-talk by Auntie Joy next week.

## Solution

PROPOS our recent note on the foreign habit of speaking languages no decent person (and especially no decent politician) can possibly understand, we forgot to mention the most admirable solution of this difficulty we've ever encountered.

In World War I. a friend of ours who gave hospitality to a number of Belgian refugees had a nice fat cook who knew that foreigners spoke unintelligible gibberish all day; so she simply made up a gibberish of her own and shouted it cheerfully at them whenever she could. This didn't convey much to them, which was one more proof that all foreigners are crazy. That cook ought to be in the Min. of Inf. and probably is.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"You're not to call me Snookie when there are other generals in the car"



# Rear-Admiral Auboyneau, C.-in-C. of The Fighting French Navy

A Member of The  
National Committee  
of  
Free France

Rear-Admiral Auboyneau succeeded Admiral Muselier (who resigned for reasons of health) as Commander-in-Chief of the Fighting French Navy in May this year. He is a member of the French National Committee of which General de Gaulle is President, representing the interests of the Navy and Mercantile Marine services. Admiral Auboyneau is forty-one. At the time of the armistice between France and Nazi Germany, he was in Alexandria. A few weeks later he joined General de Gaulle's forces, and took command of the destroyer *Triomphant*. As Liaison Officer to Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, C.-in-C. Mediterranean from 1939 to May 1942, and now leader of the British Admiralty delegation to Washington, Admiral Auboyneau played an important part in the negotiations which led to an agreement with Admiral Godefroy concerning the French Squadron in Alexandria. Latterly he has been in charge of the Fighting French naval units in the Pacific. It is General de Gaulle's wish that his forces and followers should be known in future as Fighting French rather than Free French.

Photograph by  
Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.







Yevonde

### Miss Judith Lacey Scott

Judith Lacey Scott is just seventeen, and is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Lacey Scott, of Ashcroft, Wadhurst. She has already registered for war work, and is at present taking a secretarial course. Her father, an officer in the Home Guard, formerly had legal and commercial interests in India

Below : Hermione Hussey is the attractive daughter of Captain Tom Hussey, R.N., of Athelhampton Hall, Dorset, and was one of this year's wartime debutantes. She married a few years ago the former Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, mother of Viscountess Errington and Hon. Mrs. Neill Cooper - Key



Harlip

### Miss Hermione Hussey



Dorothy Will

### The Hon. Diana Berry

The youngest daughter of Viscountess Camrose is eighteen years and came out at the Queen Charlotte's Ball in March. She is the only function for debutantes. She has three married sisters: Mrs. Ronald McNair Scott, the of Birkenhead, and Lady

## The Younger Generation



Lenare

### Miss Ailsa Craig

Left : Ailsa Craig is Brigadier and Mrs. Archibald Maxwell Craig's daughter, and is seventeen. She is fully trained as a shorthand typist, and has been doing Naval Signals work at Portsmouth. She is joining the W.R.N.S. Her sister is Mrs. John Hector Cresswell

### Lady Elizabeth Lambart

Pearl Freeman



Right : Elizabeth Lambart came out at the Queen Charlotte's Ball in March. She is seventeen, and is studying French and cooking at Oxford. She is the elder daughter of Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan and the Countess of Cavan, who are living at their North Berwick home, West Links House, since their London house was bombed





Pearl Freeman

### The Hon. Mary Monckton

Mary Victoria Monckton was born in 1924. She is the eldest of the three daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Galway, of Serlby Hall, Yorkshire, and The Maniles, Blyth, Nottinghamshire. She came back from New Zealand, where Lord Galway was Governor-General and C.-in-C. for six years, in 1941, and is going into the W.R.N.S.



Elliott & Fry

Miss Joanna Wingfield Digby is the younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Wingfield Digby, of Sherborne Castle, Dorset. After working for some time as a V.A.D., she decided to take up nursing for the duration of the war, and is now completing her first year at Westminster Hospital.

Below: Another but-for-the-war debutante of this year is Angela Lloyd Thomas, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, a former British Minister in Paris, and Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, of Westcott, Sparsholt, Berks. She works with a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen, given by the New York "Bundles for Britain" Society, and studies art in her spare time.



Bertram Park

### Miss Angela Lloyd Thomas

Below: Elizabeth Somers Cocks is the only child of Lord and Lady Somers, of Eastnor Castle, Leicestershire, and is nineteen. Her father is Lord Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, and became Chief Scout for Britain in 1941.

### The Hon. Elizabeth Somers Cocks

Bertram Park



Lenarc

### Miss Patricia Preston

Patricia Preston, the younger daughter of Sir Edward Hulton Preston, Bt., and Lady Preston, came out this year. She has one sister, two years older than herself, and their home is Beeston Hall, Neatishead, Norwich.



## Staying in Yorkshire

Eddie Hodges and His Mother



*Mrs. David Hodges and Her Son*



*Eddie Hodges and a Friend*



*Mortham Tower, Yorkshire*

Mrs. Hodges is the wife of Captain David Hodges, R.A. She and her small son, Eddie, were staying with her aunt, Mrs. Rhodes-Moorehouse, at her beautiful Yorkshire place, Mortham Tower, when these pictures were taken. Mrs. Rhodes-Moorehouse's late husband was the first airman to win the V.C. in the last war, and her only son lost his life in the Battle of Britain. Mrs. Hodges was formerly Miss Sylvia Ryle, and is a granddaughter of the late Bishop Ryle. Her husband is a son of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, K.C.B., a former 'Sea Lord of the Admiralty, who commanded the Atlantic Fleet from 1930 till 1931. Mortham Tower, seen on the left, is the most southern of the old Border or Peel Towers

*Photographs by Compton Collier*



*Lyegrove, Badminton*

## The Westmorlands At Home



*By the Lily Pond*

The Earl of Westmorland succeeded his father in 1922 as fourteenth Earl. His marriage to the widow of Captain Arthur Capel took place in 1923, and his elder son, Lord Burghersh, was born a year later. The Westmorlands have another son, the Hon. Julian Fane, and one daughter, Lady Rose Fane, who is twelve. Lady Westmorland was the Hon. Diana Lister, daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale, and her first husband was Mr. Percy Lyulph Wyndham, killed in action in 1914. The Hon. Mrs. George Ward, and Miss June Capel, who is seen on this page, are her daughters by her second marriage to Captain Arthur Capel, who died in 1919. Lord Westmorland and his family live at Lyegrove, his place in Gloucestershire

*Photographs by Swaebe*



*Lord Westmorland with Lady Westmorland, Miss June Capel, his stepdaughter, and his elder son and heir, Lord Burghersh*

*Lord Burghersh Takes Lady Rose Fane for a Ride*





# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Commodore of the Squadron

THE death of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley at the ripe age of eighty is as deeply regretted in the yachting world, such as it is in the middle of a great war, as it is by every man, woman and child in Anglesey and Carnarvon. The late Commodore of the R.Y.S. was universally esteemed; and when happier days come again, no one will be more missed at the Squadron Castle than he. As is well known to yachtsmen but not so well to outsiders, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley was the second purchaser of that grand old vessel, the "Britannia," from her royal owner, the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. The Prince first sold her in 1898 to a non-yachting man, who thought she was a steamer, and H.R.H. repurchased her almost immediately. In 1899 the Prince sold her to Sir Richard, who reduced her spars and sails and used her as a cruiser. In 1902 King Edward VII. bought "Britannia" back again, and she still continued to be used only as a cruiser. It was not until King George V. came into possession of his father's yacht that she was once more put into racing rig. This was about 1913. Then came the last war and all yacht-racing was put out of action. In 1920 began "Britannia's" second career as a racing yacht, and we know what good use she made of it. Her end came early in the short reign of King Edward VIII., when she was consigned to a grave in the element in which she had made so much history.

## Armoured Cavalry in Action

IN a recent note I said "subject to correction" that I believed that Waterloo was the last occasion upon which cavalry wearing cuirasses were in action, for it seemed fairly safe to presume that no one would be so foolish to wear them in modern warfare! Yet they did; and here is a very interesting letter, which my editor has handed me, telling me when and how:—

"Sabretache," in page 20 of this week's *Tatler*, remarks, "subject to correction," that the use of

heavy cavalry wearing cuirasses in action ended at Waterloo. He is, in fact, wrong by ninety-nine years. When I went into action not far from Bethune on October 12th, 1914, with an infantry battalion I was surprised to meet, coming out of action, French cuirassiers complete with cuirasses, brass helmets, etc. Their officer made a completely ineffective attempt to hide with a cloak the glitter of a cuirass that appeared to be silver-plated, but the men wore no helmet cover at all. I believe the cuirass was worn until the end of 1914, but I was wounded the day after I saw the troops so I cannot say whether this was so or not.

I do now remember that these French Tins were remarked upon at the time. At the time of the First Battle of Ypres, a French cavalry division was stated to be unable to move up in support of our hard-pressed infantry in The Salient, because all its horses had got sore backs. These I suppose were caused by the weight of the armour worn by the warriors who bestrode them?

## A Few Facts

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, author of *The Story of the Household Cavalry* and *The Life of Lord Kitchener*, has been kind enough to give me some detail, which puts things where they should be. The Lifeguards' cuirasses were sent into store after the Treaty of Ryswick, 1697. At Waterloo, though the French Heavy cavalry wore cuirasses, our Household troops did not, so I was wrong, and what put me so was the recollection of a picture of a heap of gory casualties at Waterloo, I think by a French artist. Lieut.-Colonel Adrian Porter wrote to me giving a description of the kit our troops did wear (Life Guards and Blues) upon that occasion: "Tight coatees, strapped overalls and leather helmets with metal crests." The only kind of armour which survived the old days was the shoulder-chains worn by all cavalry with the idea that they would stop a sword cut. All this is very interesting from the academic point of view, but the original question posed was, whether the modern knight



Wimbledon Star Engaged D. R. Stuart

A/S/O Muriel Bray, W.A.A.F., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bray, of Tudor Lodge, Ewell, Surrey, is to marry Wing Commander Wilfred Allen Davis, R.A.F., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Lance Davis, of Wimbledon, at Plymouth Cathedral, on August 6th. Muriel Bray was Surrey Junior and Junior Covered-Court Singles Champion. She joined up the day war was declared, and has been overseas with her unit

in armour, the tank, was beating the gun, or whether it was the other way on. We seem to have wandered a bit! The evidence I thought rather favoured the gun. It did so on that fateful June 13th, 1942. The following is the text of an order dated July 5th, 1758: "The Royal Regiment of Horse Guards is ordered on immediate foreign service and it being necessary that they should be provided with a complete set of cuirasses, which they have not time to provide in the ordinary way, the Board of Ordnance is to furnish them with a complete set of cuirasses upon their being paid for by the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards on being replaced by others." Dettingen was fought in 1743, Fontenoy in 1745, Crefeldt in 1758 (June 23rd), and Minden in 1759 (August 1st), the latter being the two big successes won by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, commanding the Anglo-Hanoverian army.



The Royal Navy and the Royal Marines Beat the R.A.F. in the West Country

D. R. Stuart

The R.N. and R.M. dismissed seven R.A.F. batsmen for 142. Standing: P/O Hughes, Sto. Mycock, Mid. Bland, Lieut. Molyneux, A.B. Coulthard, Sto. Watkins (Glamorgan), J. Sissons (umpire). Sitting: Sub-Lieut. Wood, Mid. Burnett, Lieut. E. Turner, Surg. Lieut. McIntyre, Captain Quick, R.M. (captain). Captain Quick is the Essex County player

Group Captain J. S. F. Morrison captained the R.A.F. eleven. Standing: Sgt. A. Wilson, Cpl. H. Crick, L/A/C P. R. Page, Cpl. H. C. Lock, Sgt. E. W. Whitfield, P/O E. G. Holt, Cpl. Moffatt (umpire). Sitting: Flt. Lt. A. H. Curtis, Flt. Lt. W. L. Fleming, Group Captain J. S. F. Morrison, (captain), Sq. Ldr. E. H. Maddick, P/O S. H. Waugh

In 1870 both the French and Prussian cavalry had many cuirassier regiments in action.

### Hippodromania

ALTHOUGH there be many, and I quite appreciate and respect their view, who think that it is impious to talk horse whilst such more important things are to the fore in the Dust and on the Steppes, I have good reason to know that it is these very chaps who are being blasted and scorched who are grateful for anything that is not Shop, and which brings to them any picture of what they are being compelled to miss. Anyway, since "Ascot" and so forth are news, it is a part of the job of a person like myself to refrain from missing them. It works out, I think, much in the same way as do those green fish on the stained-glass windows of a dentist's playroom at that moment just before his fellow conspirator, the doctor, says, "Now, just breathe quite naturally, and don't fight it." So here goes! The Leger acceptances contain no surprises to most people, but personally I did not expect to find Big Game's name amongst them after the very decided opinions expressed by those in the best possible position to know, after his performance in the Derby. Little Gordon has already picked his ride, Sun Chariot, favourite at a shade shorter odds than Watling Street and Hyperides, about 5—2 against 7—2. I feel sure that he is right. Big Game's price is about 10—1, which tells us quite plainly what those wise birds, the bookmakers, think. No one seems to know whether he will run or not, but if he waltzes away with the Champion Stakes (1½ mile) on August 25th, as most probably he will, I expect that he will be allowed to take his chance in the long race even though 1½ mile is no gallop at all for a 1½-mile contest. Personally, I am convinced that a mile is his star distance, and that it is just nonsense saying that he beat himself fighting for his head in the Derby, that Gordon Richards could not hold him, and much more to the same effect.

### Next Year's Derby Winner?

As to which is the best two-year-old, I think that the search, though very interesting, is a waste of good time till the autumn. The Aga Khan's Nasrullah won the Coventry Stakes like a racehorse, but his Majesty's Tipstaff was absent, though the Duke of Norfolk's Victory Torch was not. Nearly also was absent. This colt beat Nasrullah on Oaks Day good and hearty in the Wilburton Stakes. This was what happened: Nearly, 9.4 (1), Rosy Legend colt, 8.9 (2), Nasrullah, 8.9 (3), won



Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in Scotland

D. R. Stuart

(Front row) Flt. Lts. Carter, Hogben, Downie, Wallace; Sq. Ldr. Costello; Wing Commander Guinness; Sq. Ldrs. Longston, Garden; F.O. Shields; Flt. Lts. Henderson, Cermak. (Middle row) P.O.s Kitchener, Ottewill; 2nd Lieut. Barber; Flt. Lts. Schleman, Ashton; P.O. Whittam; A.S.O. Howden-Smith; Flt. Lt. Cook; A.S.O. Emerson; F.O. Campbell; P.O.s Hollis, Maunder; F.O.s Perina, Kruml, Tonder. (Back row) F.O. Soren; P.O. Murray; Lieut. Jack; F.O. Alberti; P.O. Dresden; Flt. Lt. Goodburn; P.O. Snellgrove; Flt. Lts. Milne, Stewart

by 1½ lengths quite comfortably, half a length between second and third. Tipstaff and Victory Torch made hacks of their respective fields at Salisbury on May 30th in the Pembroke Stakes and the Grateley Plate each to each. So, as I say, I think that it is a bit premature to try to pick next year's Derby winner. We have not yet seen nearly enough.

### A Loss to the R.B.

LORD GARMOYLE, who has been killed in action in the operations in Libya, was in the polo team of the 1st Battalion the Rifle Brigade which did so well when they were in India in 1932, and were worthy followers in the footsteps of that immortal 2nd R.B. team of 1911 which stood up to the best that British Cavalry could produce and only succumbed by a very narrow margin to the 10th Hussars. This 1st R.B. team won the Infantry Tournament, and was only just pipped in the Subalterns' by the ancient foe, the 10th. Lord Garmoye

was the son and heir of Lord Cairns, who was also a Rifleman. Temp.: St. Paul, the good-looking, Fred Lawrence, "Jullunder," Teddy Jenkins, still I think and hope, to the fore, Tony Boden, who, like these others, rode so well, George Paget, another very good performer; he won a lot of races on a black horse he called "R.B.," Johnny Gough, V.C., "Greeno"-Wilkinson, whom someone nicknamed "Pink-Smith," and many other celebrities—but these all in Lord Cairns's battalion, the 1st. One of Lord Garmoye's sisters, Lady Ursula Cairns, married another Rifleman, the then Captain John Roland Abbey. Off the polo ground Lord Garmoye was also a very nice horseman; he rode well out hunting and also in point-to-points, and the last time that I personally saw him, he steered a winner at a Greenjacket Meeting. He was also a good soldier. I am told that when he got his D.S.O. he really deserved the major decoration.



The Army Beats the Royal Navy at Lord's

The Navy received a beating at the hands of the Army when they met at Lord's a short time ago in a match, proceeds of which were given to King George's Fund for Sailors. The Army won by 173 runs, and here is Lieut. Commander N. Henderson, who captained the Navy, laughing it off with Lieut. G. C. Newman, one of the Army players

Sgt. C. B. Harris and Lieut. J. D. Robertson opened the Army's innings; the latter made top score of the day with 109 runs, and was finally bowled by Rice

Major G. O. Allen, the Middlesex County player, captained the Army, and on his way to lunch was waylaid by some young admirers wanting his autograph



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## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 106)

to bed immediately after the nine o'clock news. Their small daughter came back not long ago from the U.S.A., where she was the guest of Mr. Charles Munn. Another recent arrival from America was Mr. Robert Sweeny. Mr. ("Mont Blanc") McEnerney, the Canadian banker, was dancing; and Mrs. Muriel Harrison, whose parties are always a success, stayed to the end. She has a flat in Grosvenor House, where Mr. Redmond McGrath looked in before dinner. The Norman Holdens were there too; their daughter, Wanda, is now in the W.A.A.F., and, judging by her photograph in uniform, looks as chic as ever. Mr. Geoffrey Turner, up in town for the night from his Berkshire place, Hungerford Park, where he farms on a large scale, also joined the party.

## Edinburgh News

OPEN-AIR dancing in Prince's Street Gardens has made Edinburgh (very full, as many troops are stationed in the neighbourhood) almost like abroad. On a fine summer evening, the dance floor, set among flowers and foliage, with Edinburgh castle silhouetted against the sky as impressive background, is a beautiful scene, as well as a gay one, and when the thousands of dancers waltz to a nostalgic tune like the "Blue Danube," there is an illusion and a promise both for our own people and for our Allies on the Continent who are there.

Despite this outside competition, the De Guise is as popular as ever, and celebrities seen there lately included Prince Bernhard, Lord Airlie, Lady Bowden, always very slim and very gay; Lady Delamere, another out of the sylph stable; Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson, dancing beautifully; the Bruce Ogilvys, Major Lord Douglas Gordon, and Mrs. Arthur Towle, who is Marjorie Lawrence, the writer.

## Inauguration

LORD KEYNES has just had his inauguration in the House of Lords. It is one of those pleasant ceremonies which have lasted from a slower-moving age, and its survival among current destruction is surely good, although the pottering, apparent irrelevancy of Parliamentary procedure as a whole may be irritating to the spectator, who sees, for instance, discussions of dire events interrupted by solemn manoeuvres with the Mace. On this occasion, in the comparatively empty Lords, the new peer was accompanied by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and responded to solemn instructions to take off and put on his hat, bow to the Lord Bishop, and so forth. Lord Keynes was, of course, Mr. J. A. Keynes, famous economist and Don. His wife, who was Lydia Lopokova, the dancer, was at the ceremony.

## Countess Opens Fête

LADY LEICESTER made her first public appearance in Wells (the Wells in Norfolk) when she opened a garden fête at Mayshiell in aid of the funds of the Congregational Church. The opening ceremony was presided over by Mrs. N. Ripplingall, who also introduced Lady Leicester. There were the usual stalls: difficult to stock nowadays, when standbys like jam, eggs, home-made sweets and knitted things are so hard to come by; but there were needlework, flowers, fruit and vegetables, a pound-stall, ice-cream, minerals, teas, various competitions, a physical-training display by scholars of the Central School, and a dancing display by Miss Betty Bishop's pupils, and an entertainment in the evening.



## A Grandson for Field-Marshal Lord Ironside

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Hendry were married in 1941, and their son, Michael Andrew, was born this year, and was recently christened in St. Paul's Cathedral, Dundee. Mrs. Hendry was Miss Elspeth Ironside, and is the only daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, who was Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1939-40, and C-in-C., Home Forces, in 1940. Captain Hendry, who is serving in the Black Watch, met his wife while she was acting as chauffeur to her father early in the war.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

## Oscar Wilde's Father

DR. T. G. WILSON, in his *Victorian Doctor* (Methuen; 15s.), has written an able and interesting study of the remarkable father of a remarkable son. Sir William Wilde, the Dublin eye doctor, was an eccentric who verged on genius. In the portrait, his heavily-bearded and whiskered, ferret-like face is not wholly likeable, and his character, as revealed by Dr. Wilson, contained some far from likeable traits. But about Sir William's energy, his tireless cleverness and his geniality there is a considerable fascination.

Dr. Wilson, himself eminent in the field that was Dr. Wilde's, has been a comprehensive but not intrusive biographer. His method has been to collect material; he has not attempted inner analysis. He has told the story of a career with a simplicity, as well as a fullness, that goes to build up a considerable effect. One's own imagination is left free to continue from any point at which the writing leaves off. Myself, I like this method of handling biography—I rather like to arrive at my own conclusions, instead of having conclusions drawn for me.

Dr. Wilson, who lives in Dublin, has the advantage of knowing Sir William's physical background—those great, airy, impressive Georgian streets and squares—exceedingly well. He has also succeeded in reconstructing his subject's psychological background—Victorian Dublin—most entertainingly. The Dublin of the decades after the Union was far from being the empty and joyless city that Anglo-Irish aristocratic prejudice was inclined to depict. There was excellent conversation, much entertaining, a salutary through draught of European ideas. The big rôles in this post-Union Dublin society were played by the distinguished professional and academic people of whom William Wilde soon came to be one. In a city of "characters" he and his wife, the vehement black-browed Speranza, loomed large. They were leaders of liveliness, talk and thought. Their large house in Merrion Square was a social landmark. Domestic scenes—for both Wildes were temperamental—were interspersed by parties on a majestic scale. Young Oscar's family background hummed with life.

It was also, later, to hum with scandal. Sir William's amours were not always discreet, and a rejected mistress (whom he called "Ernest Moll") did all she could to bring his world down round his ears. There was a much-publicised case in court. As a self-made man whose career had been brilliant, Sir William could not fail to have enemies—though the warmth of his temperament had made him, equally, friends. . . . The career, if it owed a little to good fortune, had been largely a matter of intellect and of drive. William Wilde, born in County Roscommon, and with some of Ireland's oldest blood in his veins, had come from the West to Dublin as a medical student at the still immature age of seventeen. The tough life in and surrounding Steevens Hospital (at which Charles Lever was his contemporary) taught William much and made him grow up young. He was able to live it, and lived it well. Travel came his way—he accompanied, in the rôle of physician, a wealthy invalid on a protracted cruise. With William Wilde, no experience seemed to be wasted; nothing went down the drain. In Egypt he first turned his attention to eye diseases, and research to be done in that line. His time in Madeira provided stuff for a book that brought him in money as well as a reputation outside the medical field. (Indeed, he was to continue to give much of his time, with much profit, to authorship.) Travel and study in Vienna and Munich were preliminaries to the return to Dublin to practise, and pioneer, in the treatment of eye and ear trouble. Taking a risk which paid, he set up his own hospital. To his researches we still owe a great deal.

Not only authorship, outside his practice, claimed William Wilde's interest and intellect and his time. Irish pre-history was another great subject of his. One is left gasping, at the end of *Victorian Doctor*, by the amount that was known, seen, done and recorded by one man. Did time go farther in those days? One thinks of Victorian days as leisurely days. But they put out some human tigers who despised leisure, who were at every moment dynamic—of these Sir William was one.

Oscar Wilde himself, except as a child of the family, hardly figures in this story at all. But ample material is provided for the study of Oscar's environment and heredity. Perhaps it is not wholly a happy lot to be the child of high-voltage parents, of a father and mother temperamentally outsize. For Speranza partnered her husband as an original. As a young girl, she emerged from genteel obscurity as the vehement poetess of her country's wrongs—and, once or twice, as a journalist of some force. In later life, the cares of mother and hostess by no means exhausted her temperamental fires. As a wife, she was loyal through trying days; as her second son's mother, she had worse troubles ahead. Speranza Wilde, it appears to me, deserves a full-length biography of her own. She is one of those women who touch one's fancy without ever, for some reason, touching one's heart.

Dr. Wilson's writing is without airs and graces—some readers may find it a little bare. But he has produced a book that is packed with colour and movement, and of information on many subjects. The letterpress is interspersed with lively black-and-white drawings of his own, in which architecture, antiquities, portraits and period costumes are given equal place. Illustrations by a book's author are rare, and have a particular value of their own. The writer who is also an able draftsman can short-circuit descriptions and save himself many words.



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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION by M. E. BROOKE



The very little people are frequently quite vain, and like to wear Fortnum and Mason's (Piccadilly, W.) clothes. Mothers also like them. Above is a printed gingham sun-bathing frock, with sun-bonnet to match. Below is a play-frock of fine cotton, and then there is the romper carried out in a fancy printed fabric. Again, there are very attractive cots; as the Board of Trade does not allow them to be trimmed, they are painted. The wheels, if desired, can be removed when the cot rests on the floor. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a splendid assortment of soft toys in gay colours; strange animals are well represented

The little people have always occupied an important position in Jaeger's London and Provincial salons; they are responsible for the garments on the right of this page. A twin set just like mother's is seen at the top on the right; it is accompanied by a pleated wool-whipcord skirt. Below is a girl's braced frock in whipcord reinforced with a silk shirt, while the little boy is also wearing a silk shirt. The top-coats portrayed might be called "thinking of winter." They are both made of camel-hair and wool. The dressing-gowns at the base are also of camel-hair and wool; they are belted with silken cords and are outlined with the same







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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

*Stories from Everywhere*

THERE was a loud knock at the door, and when Mrs. Brown opened it, she found her neighbour, looking very angry.

"That boy of yours," she stormed, "has just thrown this brick through my window."

Mrs. Brown beamed.

"Really!" she exclaimed, "how interesting. I wonder if you will let me keep the brick? We're trying to keep all the little mementoes of his youthful pranks; they'll be so interesting when he grows up."

"I SUPPOSE you find it rather dull in the evenings," said the sweet young thing to the R.A.F. pilot.

"Simply nothing to do at all," sighed the pilot. "We just play darts, do the crossword puzzles in the evening papers, drop a few bombs on Hamburg and go straight to bed!"

"SEE here," exclaimed the stranger, as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle. "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road!"

"Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him in the darkness, "we're a-finding of them, ain't we?"



*Psst!—Can we accept a cheque made out on a dress collar.*

ONE of the club members was telling some friends about some of his experiences when he had been working out East.

"I was in an earthquake, too," he said. "Most extraordinary thing you ever saw. The hotel rocked on its foundations; cups and saucers were flung all over the place—"

At this point the meek-looking little man in the corner suddenly turned pale. "Great Scott!" he cried. "That reminds me—I've never posted that letter. My wife gave me two days ago!"

AN old farming couple had two evacuees billeted on them. They were "holier than hells" and at times the old people were at their wits' end to know what to do with them.

One day the cat disappeared, and after searching high and low for it, the old lady asked the evacuees if they had seen it.

"Yes, we drowned it," was the prompt reply; "and we don't like your old man either."

AFTER a lesson on the gods and goddesses of olden days, the schoolteacher began asking questions.

"Now, who was Bacchus?" he asked.

No reply, and blank faces. So he tried again.

"Now think! Mars was the god of war, Venus was the goddess of love. Bacchus was the god of—"

"Bookmakers?" suggested one bright boy.

THERE was silence in the dentist's waiting-room as the patients looked at the periodicals provided. At last a cheerful-looking patient looked up.

"Well," he remarked to the room at large, "that's one spot of good news, anyway—but tell me, where is this place, Mafeking?"

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### Forward Planning

**A** REASSURING sign that the traditional ostrich instinct was still at work after war had broken out, was provided when those who control the advertising in the aeronautical press held solemn conclaves to determine and to define their attitude towards a proffered advertisement bearing the heading, "Those who look ahead." But their worry was not about whether we ought to look ahead or to keep our eyes glued on the present, but whether the picture of what the police call an "undraped human figure" that went with the advertisement was on the level of purity and propriety so firmly insisted upon by all who have to do with flying and so vigorously reaffirmed throughout the far-flung bars of Britain.

I forget now whether they decided to admit the advertisement or to refuse revenue in the interests of lofty moral principles; but I do recall remarking at the time how enthusiastically the crowd mind seeks for something that will distract it from its more urgent and more laborious duties.

Now again we are invited to enjoy a similar distraction. We are invited to look ahead to the problems of post-war commercial aviation. We are invited to consider whether the Americans or ourselves are to run this, that or the other services. We are urged to consider our position in post-war world transport.

### Aircraft Available

**I**T seems to me that we should beware of these entertaining distractions. Aviation is going to play a greater part in world transport and world economy after the war than ever before—that is the one prediction that can be made with full confidence. But efforts to get in on the ground floor are apt to miscarry when the problem concerns rising a long way above the ground floor. We are well aware that these calls for more attention to civil flying are well meant and that the attempts to revive competitive activities between the Americans and ourselves in the building of aircraft suitable for commercial work and in the organising of air lines are patriotically inspired.

All the same I must ask if they are really advisable just now. Great Britain is not at the moment in a position to fuss about whether it is going to hold a pre-eminent position in post-war air transport systems.

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

That is a relatively insignificant matter. The first call is to ensure that Great Britain will still exist after the war. Only when that has been ensured, ought we to turn to civil aviation problems.

British Overseas Airways has done and is doing great things. But I am a little disturbed to see the company—though its intentions were obviously the best—making public demands for more aircraft just at present.

All aviation is a factor in our war-making effort. The distribution of the aircraft available is or ought to be a military problem in which the decisions are uninfluenced by possibilities of post-war commerce and prestige.

Every company has a right and a duty to fight for its existence and for its prosperity; but the larger public must judge at a time like this whether its demands can be heeded. Every aeroplane that is turned out should be made available for the war effort in one way or another and the choice of the duty it is to fulfil must remain in the hands of the military authorities.

### Production

**A**MERICA is going to win the world battle for aircraft production. It is going to beat the common enemy and to exceed by a wide margin the greatest British efforts. America is a country founded on oil and internal combustion engines and those are the chief ingredients of aviation.

Even if it were polite—which it is not—it would be impracticable to hold to the view that we ought to try and maintain a sort of friendly commercial competition with America while combining with her to defeat the common enemy.

We have to face the probability that world dominance in the future will go to the country which rules the air and that that country is more likely to be

America than Britain. That is the logic of the situation and no good comes from attempts to evade it.

### Dive Brakes

**I** HAVE been thinking about those dive brakes—already described—fitted to the Dornier 217E. They seem to indicate that there is scope for great technical development in dive-bombers.

It is unfortunate that when we think of specialised dive-bombers we tend to think only of the Junkers 87, a poor, twelve-year-old thing which ought to have taken to its bed long ago. But there is no reason to suppose that the dive-bomber is incapable of being developed and made more efficient. In fact there may be a large field for progress here, especially if dive brakes could be developed and elaborated.

The aim would be to produce an aircraft that could be put down in a near vertical dive and its speed so adjusted that the pilot could continue the dive for a great distance and retain full control, making aileron turns and altering the angle of dive where needed.

And by the way how is it that people are always so careful to say that the Junkers 87s are never dived more steeply than 70 degrees? Why should they not be dived at 80 degrees or even vertically? Most aerobatic pilots are familiar with vertical dives though without powerful air brakes they cannot be held for long with any comfort or much control. But the Junkers 87 is aerodynamically so poor that, with its dive brakes, it ought to be capable of diving very steeply indeed.

Almost every remark I make about dive-bombers brings the most violent response from those who have stated and who propose through thick and thin to stick to their opinion, that dive-bombers are obsolete. So I make these remarks in trepidation while packing my things in order to go for a long stay in remote parts.

But I should not be right in ceasing to refer to dive-bombers until such time as a type of machine appears that has the same accuracy combined with equal local blasting power. And may I remind my critics on this point that it is better to turn what blasting power we have on the enemy than on me.

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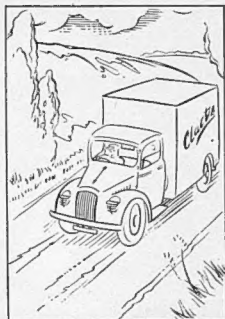
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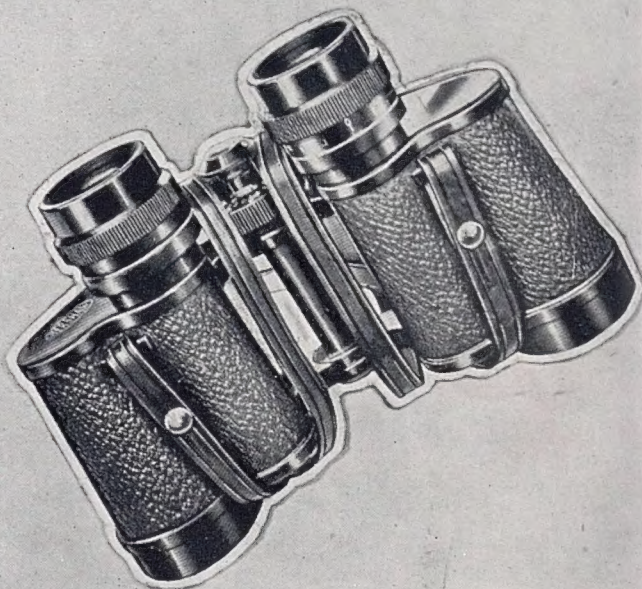
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